The
COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The Great Change, II

LAST WEEK we made some attempt to analyze the present situation of power in the world. We pointed out that because of the success of our arms both in the Pacific and in Europe, Russia's political bargaining position was nothing like as strong as might have been expected even a few months ago, and we further pointed out that this is deep with consequence for the future and for peace. We believe that this is to the good, since for the last two or three years Russia's magnificent fight against Germany has been so essential to ourselves and to Great Britain that we had almost to "appease" her, that we could not take a firm line with her on any matter concerning which she was at all insistent.

Such a situation, we pointed out, was not a good one or a hopeful one from the point of view of the future. It is difficult to establish decent human relations when the two persons involved cannot be firm with each other because one of them is in the relationship of a client to his patron. Only heroic forbearance, decency and deep moral feeling can make it even possible for two persons in this situation to live together decently. But when you substitute nations for persons, the necessary virtues are inoperative, since these are not corporate but personal virtues. Hence in a world in which power plays any considerable part, relations between countries of vaguely equal wealth and position require that this equality apply also to national bargaining power. If it does not, then on one side or the other national pride will be strained and friendship will be out of the question. Hence we pointed out that too great a reduction in Russia's political position would reverse the picture and could also be a bad situation. The present balance is better, and makes it possible to be more hopeful for the future than we have had reason to be in some time.

Specifically it makes genuine revision, in a proper direction, of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals (as discussed below) far more likely.

Events since we wrote last week's analysis all have tended to confirm what we said. Without in any way attempting to prophesy what Russia's repudiation of her neutrality treaty with Japan may lead to (Mr. Byron Price did not need to issue his famous directive as far as we are concerned, since we would not have ventured any prophecies on this subject in any case), we feel certain that the fact of Russia's having so acted—as well as the fact of Mr. Price's having issued his directive—confirms our analysis amply. Russia did what she did, does what she does, and will do what she will do to put herself in the best possible bargaining position, and since her bargaining position has somewhat deteriorated, she naturally seeks first to repair it where it has deteriorated worst—in Asia. Nor does it make any difference whether her action regarding Japan was one of the things agreed at Yalta or not. If it was agreed, she is probably very happy now that she can act in agreement with the Yalta decisions and at the same time in such fashion as to improve her own status.

Suggestions for San Francisco

THE INTERVAL between Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco has permitted serious study of the published proposals for the projected world organization to be initiated by the United Nations. Individual newspapers, students of international affairs, statesmen, politicians, peace groups and religious bodies have had their criticisms to make within the past few months. Every interested American has had his say. So many changes and improvements have been brought forward and publicized that hopes are widespread that what emerges from San Francisco will approach an ideal. The prospect of dealing with all these modifying ideas is staggering, but so much is at stake at the coming meeting of delegates from two score nations that it is urgent to concentrate upon several major critical points. If we seize upon the questions recently singled out by American religious leaders as required for a just

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world order and those just enunciated by as representative a group as the American Committee for a Democratic World, we shall not be far from the heart of the matter. The first comprise a ten-point program based upon Catholic, Protestant and Jewish peace pronouncements in this country in the past two years. (As with "Pattern for Peace" the Catholic spokesman is the Reverend Edward Conway, S.J., of the NCWC Social Action Department.) The American Committee was established at the initiative of the Post War World Council and its eight points for revising Dumbarton Oaks have been adhered to by a distinguished group of American liberals.

Roughly speaking these platforms have six main points in common. They both call for a wider, if possible universal, membership in the world organization, with the religious statement stressing the willingness of a prospective member nation to abide by the organization's basic principle as the important requirement. Both groups are concerned over sure-fire provision for peaceful change; where one group focuses upon the need for making necessary treaty revision feasible, the other would make certain that the world government constitution could be amended by a two-thirds majority and that no group of Big Powers could exercise a veto over such changes. The two statements manifest a common concern over the fate of colonial peoples, aiming at eventual independence for them and in the interim efficient means of assuring their protection and sure progress toward economic and political adulthood.

Disarmament is likewise a common concern of the framers and signers of these two group statements. The world organization should manifest a clear-cut policy here and set up the procedural steps by which disarmament is to be accomplished. Both demand that no one nation be permitted to wield veto power, even presumably where its own case is at issue. Finally, both of these highly representative groups demand an international Bill of Rights as an integral part of the world organization agreement. Not only as a statement of principle but with specific commissions or the Assembly itself as the guarantor of individual and group rights.

Some critics of Dumbarton Oaks would also insist upon more express protection and consideration for the small nations; others would like an explicit recognition of the moral law in international relations. Yet both these objectives would be attained in some measure if the six points just outlined could be realized at San Francisco.

Brave, Brave Warriors

MESSRS. Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell are showing truly heroic courage in their magnificent fight against "coddling" German prisoners of war in this country. Last Sunday both reached new *crescendos* of bravery in their battle to right what they see as a terrible wrong. They are suddenly able to display with pride the fact that in a thoroughly disorganized Germany some of our prisoners have been mistreated — a Germany where order has disappeared, food is scarce, and a feeling of despair predominant. Before the beginning of Germany's collapse, it should be added, none of our prisoners report any mistreatment. But because under such circumstances some terrible things have happened, the great-hearted Pearson and Winchell want them to happen to German prisoners in this country. It is cheap courage, Pearson and Winchell, to be so brave and bold against men captured by their enemy (not by you) and unable to command the greatest radio audience in the world. We should like to bring into the record at this point two documents, with a word of explanation about each.

In October, 1930, THE COMMONWEAL published in its communications column a letter addressed to it by Mr. Winchell (this document in no way affects Mr. Pearson's status, of course). Some comment had been made in these columns concerning Mr. Winchell's large income as a columnist. He was piqued, since the figure was set too low. And so he wrote us in part as follows:

> . . . It is not $121,000, sir.
>
> It is at the moment $138,900. In a week with two new radio contracts at $1,000 each, it will be a lot more. I am not writing for posterity or to help humanity . . . I am writing for coin, sir, and as much as I can get. . . .

The other document comes from a source which both Messrs. Pearson and Winchell will admit possesses considerable dignity. It also relates to German prisoners of war, and prisoners who had no use whatever for democracy and very little for the United States. A rumor had been spread (not by either Pearson or Winchell) that the prisoners were eating so well that they threatened the neighborhood where they were held with famine. (Mr. Winchell loves to talk about how our present PW's eat *steak*.) A petition was therefore circulated intended to remedy the coddling, but because of a letter from which, again, we quote in part, the civil authorities left the prisoners in peace:

> But is an enemy so execrable that, though in captivity, his wishes and comforts are to be disregarded and even crossed? I think not. It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice, therefore, of modern nations of treating captive prisoners with politeness and generosity is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world—friends, foes, and neutrals.

The author of these words, Messrs. Pearson and Winchell, was Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and he was addressing the then Governor of Virginia, Mr. Patrick Henry.

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Foreign Europe

ALL that business about de Gaulle when he was in London or in Algiers or in New York never meant very much because we were thinking about the people in France; it did not really make much difference what we thought about de Gaulle because we were thinking about the people in France. France was totally occupied by the Germans and we were free to think anything we wanted to think about the French people —and it was the same way about the people in Italy, if anyone happened to care about Italians; Italy too was beyond a barrier; all Europe was closed to us. It did not matter what Europeans outside Europe might say or what we might think of them; the only thing that mattered was what we thought about Europeans within Europe. They were suffering, they were enslaved; so that it was not excessively difficult for us to think of them as unhappy and not free.

Europe was entirely closed to us; it therefore could be peopled by us with whatever memories there might exist, casually, in an American family, handed down perhaps from a grandfather who had made the grand tour, from a grandmother who had come from abroad in the steerage, from cousin Archie who had drunk with Scott Fitzgerald in Paris. (There was an anti-alcoholic league in Paris with a shop opposite Saint Germain des Près from which Scott Fitzgerald obtained and sent to his friends picture postcards of a cirrhotic liver, a kidney, a brain, still in alcohol, now in a jar.) Europe could be peopled by us with whatever figures our love and imagination could invent. We knew better than to people Europe with Chinese, yet the map of Europe was a blank which we could fill, within reason, with any figures we chose. The figures we chose were *virginal, threatened by rape, which our war was* to save, or if too late, to console.

The invasion advanced across the map of Europe; part of Italy is free, Belgium, Poland, all of France is freed. The map of Europe shows Germany all alone in the middle; soon Denmark, Holland and Norway will be freed; presently there will be all the countries of Europe, freed, just as they were before. The peoples of the countries of Europe will be in their countries again; the Germans will have been expelled from all the countries they had occupied. The figures with which we peopled Europe also will be expelled.

Europe which was closed to us existed for us in our mind and heart; during the years before the invasion it existed also in itself, but that existence could not touch or affect us because it was completely separate from our own; the only European reality, for us, was that which we made valid in our mind and heart. That which was most foreign to us we filled with memories and with our sympathy so that our soldiers would not be advancing into a landscape in which we could not follow them. These foreign lands we made our own and the soldiers advanced into something we knew. These foreign lands belong once again, now, to the foreigners who so recently silent and enslaved are free in their own lands again and are speaking. So that what we have to know is no longer only what is in our minds but also what is in theirs. For a time the foreign lands of Europe were what we made them in our minds. There was no way to check. But now, if we want to know what is real in Europe, the time has passed when it was sufficient to hold a private reality of Europe in our own thoughts, in our memories and hopes; what is real in Europe is no longer our private possession; it lives, it speaks, it has its memories its ghastly memories, it has its despair and, possibly, its hopes, not here in America but there in Europe. *In situ.*

Step by step as Europe has been freed Europe once again has become foreign to us.

That is why there are misunderstandings now of every possible kind. Because it is not just Americans now who are speaking; it is all the others who are speaking also. It is going to be very difficult for us. Because we had made a Europe which was not foreign to us—in our minds—and we had become accustomed to the idea that there existed a certain kind of a Europe which we would liberate from the Germans and then that would be that. Only what we find now is that there is a foreign Europe; we have saved an entirely foreign Europe; it is as if Perseus discovered suddenly that he could not understand what Andromeda wanted or even what she said.

Politically this has some importance. It is at the base of all the argument about whether or not democratic representation will be instituted during the debate at San Francisco. Because there are all these nations of Europe, these foreign nations, all the nations which now have become foreign to us and therefore vastly more difficult to understand.

C. G. PAULDING.

Progress in Metaphysics

YVES R. SIMON

WHY IS IT that routine-mindedness, a permanent temptation for every teacher, is felt in the teaching of metaphysics to so much greater an extent than in the teaching of the sciences? The frequent changes which take place in the systematic organization of the positive sciences keep the mind supplied with fresh incentive, and startling discoveries determine, at rather close intervals, waves of enthusiasm. A teacher of physics can hardly content himself with repeating

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all his life the propositions which he received from his own masters in his early youth: he would soon grow conspicuously out of fashion, and probably lose his job. The teacher of metaphysics, on the other hand, feels perfectly safe: revolutions are not likely to occur in his field and he can afford, without jeopardizing his position, to surrender to the stultifying effects of lifeless repetition. Youthful minds, if they happen to care for metaphysics, seek an outlet in the construction of visions of the world which convey a human attitude toward destiny rather than an explanation of our experience in terms of ultimate concepts and supreme principles. Tired with the barrenness of school metaphysics, the metaphysician escapes into the bracing atmosphere of lyrical creation, without realizing that he is giving up his task. He does not realize, either, that if the question is to give human sentiments a sublime expression, he will never compete successfully with the poet, the dramatist, the musical composer.

In metaphysics as well as elsewhere, the life of the mind needs to be stimulated by novelty; but what kind of novelty does metaphysics admit and demand? Concerned as it is with everlasting mysteries and problems, metaphysics cannot expect to be periodically rejuvenated, like the physical sciences, by the discovery of epoch-making facts; on the other hand, the very certainty and necessity of its principles excludes the kind of novelty which is normally brought about, in the physical sciences, by the substitution of freshly constructed systems for obsolete ones. Now, it should be observed that without altering the principles of a system, it is possible to achieve thought-provoking novelty by developing, within that system, *new centers of organization*.

Metaphysics is traditionally centered about the concept of being. The supremacy of this center of organization cannot be questioned. Yet, there is no reason why it should rule out the use of other concepts as secondary centers of organization. Within the all-embracing framework of the metaphysics of being, there is room for a metaphysics of knowledge, a metaphysics of consciousness, a metaphysics of love, a metaphysics of life, a metaphysics of autonomy and many more secondary arrangements of metaphysical science.

Any hint of such possibilities suffices to remove from our minds the widespread idea that the great metaphysicians have said about all we can know in metaphysics, so that further research would seem little promising. As soon as we merely imagine new ways of penetrating into metaphysical mysteries, we realize that in metaphysics as well as in any other scientific field, what was discovered and demonstrated by the most powerful geniuses is little, almost nothing, in comparison with the vast amount of knowledge which lies well within the reach of properly conducted inquiries.

The spirit of adventure has a great part to play in metaphysics; the more so since it is comparatively easy to determine, before an adventurous enterprise is started, whether it has a good chance to get somewhere, or is doomed to get nowhere.

In this connection, let us repeat that any concept which is not that of being can verily constitute but a secondary center of metaphysical systematization. For having failed to acknowledge this principle, which is just as necessary as the relation of metaphysics to its object, many powerful metaphysicians have achieved novelty without achieving progress—except in a rather casual manner. A metaphysics of consciousness which rejects the primacy of being inevitably develops into an idealistic fallacy and the truth it contains remains captive; a metaphysics in which the concept of relation is assigned the rôle of independent and absolute principle of intelligibility, would keep entangled in a net of relativistic errors any truth it happens to grasp. Metaphysical progress simply excludes any attempt to replace the system of being by any other system. It demands that many other systems be developed, inside the system of being, and as subordinate expressions of truths which find their fundamental expression in the system of being.

By using such topics as knowledge, consciousness, love, etc., as centers for the arrangement of metaphysical research and exposition, we greatly increase our acquaintance with those topics. That is not all, and when we come back to the traditional system of being, familiar propositions, whose significance had grown inconspicuous on account of their very familiarity and archaic appearance, reveal, at last, their shining vitality and their true character as inexhaustible treasures of intelligibility. Generation after generation, students were taught that *act is not limited, except by potency* and found it boring. I suggest that we should ponder again over such an axiom, after having studied the metaphysics of knowledge and the metaphysics of love: then the worn out school adage comes to mean, among other indefinitely fruitful verities, that an act which is not affected by any potency is an eternally subsisting act of self-consciousness and an eternally subsisting act of absolutely disinterested love. But, for having so much improved our knowledge of being, owing to our newly won acquaintance with knowledge and love, we shall feel qualified to start a new investigation of knowledge and love, which will yield, in turn, a more profound and living understanding of the system of being. There is no reason why such a process should ever stop. To take us out of the platitude of scholastic routine, what we need is very precisely a method and a program involving, by the very distribution of their phases, the constant elicitation of new urges to accomplish progress.

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Our War with Japan

No lasting peace by annihilation

Norman Thomas

A WAR which began on its lowest level as a war of defense against the aggression of Japanese and German war lords and on its highest level as a war of positive liberation, bids fair to end as a war of annihilation with victory equal to chaos not alone in the vanquished nations but in many of the liberated countries themselves. I have before me as I write one of Anne O'Hare McCormick's thoughtful columns in which she points out how much time and energy Allied experts have wasted in arguing how to destroy German industrial, that is German war-making, power. Already, she says, "the bomber has taken the problem out of their hands." And she gives figures of the immense destruction of German cities.

It now appears that the destruction in Japan will be even more extensive, not only in terms of cities and those who live in them, but of the whole social order, while the forces of internal reconstruction will be even less predictable and probably weaker. I have just listened to the almost exultant voice of a radio announcer describing death and destruction in twelve square miles of Kobe where he assured us that less than ten percent of the houses were built of material as substantial as brick and that there are no canals and waterways to assist fire fighters. A day or two earlier the same voice had proclaimed that in the earlier bombings of Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya, a territory larger than Manhattan Island had been laid waste. With equal exultation he hailed the final victory on Iwo, won to be sure at great cost to our gallant Marines, who had, however, killed more than twenty-one thousand Japanese—five to one for every dead Marine. Nothing was said about prisoners. This kind of war is a war of wholesale slaughter, of mass annihilation.

I shall be told that the Japanese invited and indeed necessitated such a war. It is quite true that the well attested atrocities to be charged to them are many and horrible. They have treated American prisoners of war far worse than have the Germans, and they appear to have used tactics in the countries they have occupied similar to the Germans. The latter fact does much to account for the strength of Chinese resistance; it added to Philippine friendship for Americans, and may have given the British, by comparison, a popularity in Burma that they certainly did not enjoy at the time of the Japanese invasion. It should be recorded, however, that despite the Asiatic concept of the cheapness of life which the Japanese hold, they do not appear to have been guilty of cold blooded and sustained cruelty equal to the Nazi treatment of Jews. Moreover I have heard many stories of Japanese kindness to interned civilians, none of which are ever publicized by the press or the radio. I personally have known Japanese and certainly Japanese-Americans who are very fine human beings, neither "rats" nor "yellow bastards" to quote the current American appellations for all Japanese.

In fact it is the effect of this war of annihilation upon our own sons who must wage it and our own civilians who applaud it which most concerns me. Cruelty is cruelty whatever its excuse and I tremble for the effect upon the Americans who must build tomorrow's brave, new world of the doctrine, not of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but of revenge a hundred or a thousand fold. This was the clear message of the sadistic short film, sponsored and circulated by our War Department, "Have You Killed a Jap?" I have before me a letter from the O.W.I. defending its use on the insulting ground that the War Department thought something of the sort was necessary to keep American workers on the job, especially, I presume, as the Department had not got the labor draft which it wanted.

The testimony is overwhelming not only from correspondents but from the lips of soldiers home on leave that the feeling at the front is very much worse against Japanese than against Germans. The latter at least are human beings; the former are "rats," "monkey faces" or some other sort of sub-human species. Even *Time* heads its account of the battle of Iwo Jima "Rodent Exterminators." The story goes on to make it plain that the "rodents" had fought with a skill and courage which we are taught to admire in soldiers. Similar courage will make the occupation of all Japan enormously costly to us.

To be sure there are understandable reasons for the feeling of our men towards the Japanese enemy. The latter are usually more fanatical than the average German; some of them have been propagandized into a terrible fear of what Amer-

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icans will do to them if caught alive and they fight accordingly. They live on so little compared with what we require that even when they are not guilty of especial cruelty to prisoners—as they often have been—the food they give them looks like starvation diet. The circumstances of island fighting make it extraordinarily difficult for our men to take or keep and feed prisoners of war. The comparatively few whom Americans take seem to be decently treated, and there was a beautiful story about how the Seabees on an unnamed island gave a Christmas party to a hundred and thirty Japanese orphans. Quite in the finest tradition of American kindness.

But after all this has been said it still remains true that the Japanese war is peculiarly savage and demoralizing on those who wage it. I have heard from the lips of soldiers and sailors stories of the wholesale slaughter of men in the water and of men who surrender unparalleled by similar stories from the German front. There have been no reports of souvenirs from German bones and skulls sent as pleasant mementos to the folks back home, or traded on the market. Such stories from the Japanese front are very common and perhaps help to explain the reported radio address by the saintly Kagawa in which he denounced Occidental arrogance and brutality.

★

I personally have talked to quite too many soldiers not to know that one factor in the situation is racial. The Japanese belong to an inferior race and must be kept down if not exterminated. The war, as one man told me, has many of the aspects of "an organized race riot." It is unfortunate for our future relations with Asia that most of its people also are not white, and are racially more akin to the Japanese than to us. Yet our hope of future peace depends upon our getting along with them.

The principal factor, however, in making this a war of wholesale slaughter of women and children to a degree which ancient Assyrians could not match, is technological. The easiest way to win, we think, is to bomb and burn all of the Japanese cities, and of necessity all the people in them. No one can predict the psychological effect of this necessity upon the fine young men who are bound by it, and upon us who at a safe distance exult in it. It may well be that centuries of slow progress in Christian standards of mercy and kindness will be undone by the indefinite continuance of this sort of war. The complete amoralism, the doctrine that there is no cruelty not justified by the end sought, in a world as troubled as ours will never be confined in its application simply to "Japanese rats."

And that brings me to the basic question: what is the end that we seek by a totality of destruction unparalleled in history? Presumably that end is lasting peace, but such peace can never be a by-product of annihilation, accompanied by the unleashing on all sides of a hate which justifies every cruelty including the burning alive of thousands of women and children. Never was it more necessary that war should be limited by a definite goal. Never was a political offensive, directed to the mind of the masses in Asia and to the shortening of the war, more necessary, and never was there a more complete absence of these primary requisites for our salvation.

The American public has been led to believe that the Japanese war came upon us like the attack of a thug upon an innocent by-stander. The war is to be explained if not by the inherent racial viciousness of the Japanese, then by their Emperor worship and false religion of national aggrandizement which must be cut and burned out of their hearts. Of course, no one can deny that Emperor worship and the whole Shinto religion have been skilfully perverted by the militarists to the support of aggressive imperialism. It must be remembered, however, that this same religion also went along with the Japanese isolation out of which we Americans awakened the hermit nation by a show of force. Modern Japanese imperialism is imitative; it was inspired by the same motives as other imperialisms including a greater pressure of over-population. Indeed, Owen Lattimore describes it as "cut-rate" imperialism. We Americans aided that Japanese imperialism as against the Russian in 1904. We never, under any Administration, sought to come to an understanding which might strengthen the liberal forces in Japan and abate racial and economic pressures. Roosevelt actually appeased the Japanese in deeds from the Spring of 1937 to the Spring of 1941 while abusing their Government in words. America bought some 700 million dollars' worth of Japanese gold which was useless to us, thereby giving the Japanese Government the money to buy the scrap so necessary for Japanese armament. It was only after Japan attacked a white power's colony, Indo-China, that Roosevelt suddenly turned from economic appeasement to economic war. According to Winston Churchill the President decided upon war against Japan at his own time, even if we were not attacked.

I do not recite these facts to justify Japanese aggression in China or at Pearl Harbor but only because the false idea about the way we got into this war makes it so difficult to win the American people to an understanding that the Japanese also are human, that their ambitions and crimes are very similar to those of other men, and that there is no particular reason why Japanese imperialism should be treated differently from other imperialism. The people are no more responsible for the guilt of the war lords than are other peoples for

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the lesser guilt of their rulers. There is nothing in the Japanese temperament which makes it either possible or necessary to treat Japanese on other terms than should be used towards other human beings.

I say this because so much nonsense is talked about how we must re-educate the Japanese, perhaps with the aid of the Chinese, through a long period of tutelage; how we must extirpate the whole Shinto religion by whatever force is necessary, and kill or exile the Emperor. It seems to me that if all this is done or attempted by the arms of the white conqueror the only effect will be to give the Emperor himself and his religion a halo of martyrdom. For decades, yes, for generations to come, no Japanese could cooperate with the conquerors except as a Quisling, loathed and hated by his people. I believe that there are liberal elements and economic forces in Japan which in time may greatly change their government and end the more fanatical aspects of Shintoism. I believe in the possibility of education and conversion—but not by bombs. We ought to make the kind of peace which will aid constructive revolution in Japan. That does not require the death of the Emperor who is not personally responsible for this war upon us; rather it requires a statement of positive peace terms other than unconditional surrender accompanied by semi-official threats of total destruction of the Japanese nation.

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Who will profit by this war of annihilation? Who will police a crushed, starving and embittered people for decades? The Chinese? Apparently Roosevelt based whatever plans he had for the reorganization of Asia upon the strength of Chiang Kai Shek's China. It is now apparent that China herself faces exceedingly difficult years; latent civil war between the communists and Chiang may become active. No one knows just how occupied China will line up in the future. There are multiplying signs that Russia and Britain may make China an Asiatic Poland. To my personal knowledge it is rumored in high circles in Washington that Stalin has been tacitly or openly assured that his existing over-lordship in Outer Mongolia will be fully recognized, and that Manchuria, freed from the Japanese, will be put back in the Russian sphere of influence where it was before the Russo-Japanese War. It is a foregone conclusion that the British and our own people will seek economic if not political concessions to compensate in the rest of China. Hong Kong will certainly go back to Britain, not to China. And all this will be paid for by American blood.

I have not space adequately to develop the probability that out of a war of annihilation the

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USSR will emerge in a few years supreme in Asia, including Japan, as in Europe. Stalin may demand his heavy price for participation in the Japanese war, or he may stay out and directly, and through his Communist Party, intrigue successfully with all the embittered peoples, including the Japanese. Does the safety of America require annihilation in Japan in order that the USSR may be supreme from Port Arthur, and possibly even Tokyo, to the Adriatic Sea, and possibly by its alliances even to Dakar in Africa? This is not a certainty but it is a highly probable result of this war of annihilation which Roosevelt wages without mercy and without program.

If we would save the live of thousands of our sons in this war, and forestall a third and far worse war in Asia, something more and better must be indicated than unconditional surrender for Japan with freedom for Korea, but the return of Indo-China, Burma, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies to tottering white empires which can neither regain nor hold them save as we Americans pay for them, mile by mile, with the lives of our sons. The re-education of Japan is only possible on the basis of Allied renunciation of imperialism and racial arrogance. The Japanese problem is part of the problem of humanity. It is more immediately a part of the problem of Asia and the end of the imperial-colonial pattern of human relationships.

Surely there are already Japanese who recognize that the war has been lost and who might listen to a peace based upon Japanese disarmament and the renunciation of empire provided that Japan could be admitted to the economic and political benefits of world federation. To be secure, such a federation will require a general renunciation of imperialism. Collective security must be based on disarmament rather than competition in arms.

Not to try now for a reasonable peace along these lines is a crime of the first magnitude against the men who endure the anguish of jungle warfare and the corruption of enforced participation in wholesale slaughter of the enemy people. It is, if possible, even a worse crime against other generations of Americans, some as yet unborn, who will pay an unimaginable price in the struggle, eventually doomed to catastrophic failure, for the preservation of white empires in Asia.

Ernest Psichari: 1911-12*

RAISSA MARITAIN

FEBRUARY, 1911. Ernest Psichari, who had received orders to leave for the Adrar, arrived at the border of the Tagent and saw the immense plain strewn with rocky reefs which led into Adrar. "On the threshold of new lands I felt my heart swell with the dawn, and like the sound of a gigantic wing I heard life itself in flight."

A young Moor who bears one of the finest names of Islam—Mohammed Fadel Oued Mohammed Roulam—who had a cultivated mind and was eager to learn, accompanied Ernest during the long journey to the Adrar. The conversation always came back to religion. "Ours preoccupied him greatly," said Ernest. "One day he asked me with real anxiety if the French believed in only one God or in three." The two companions were equally serious. "Besides, who could smile in such a country? . . . Day by day our journey prepared us gradually for the Adrar. . . . Already at El Argoub the terrain was so rough that it seemed out of harmony with the human form. Nothing is tolerated there but lofty thoughts of glory, virtue and pride. Even they do not seem sufficiently rarefied. There should be music, and it should be coming from heaven rather than from the earth. . . . So here we are, preparing to cross the threshold of the Adrar, that district of the purest grandeur. . . . We are entering the very heart of this strange bulge of granite where silence and death reign as master . . . where there grows not even a tree or a blade of grass. . . . One's heart is wrung and drowned in sadness before these brutal masses from which life seems to have forever fled. . . . And all is still—save the wind which blows from one year's end to the other. . . . This wretched land, where we ourselves are so wretched, yet has a singular virtue of excitement. One feels one is rising above one's self. . . . This is the land of the mystical aura, which makes us tremble a little. . . . Look at it: it's a perpetual groan, an endless lamentation. It is mangy, cleaned, washed and washed anew, scraped to the bone by the wind. . . . As we approach lands we do not know, we discover great unexplored regions in our own hearts." Ernest noticed that in this destitution he was at home, that he was at ease in this desolation. "This absolute simplicity . . . this absolute ruggedness are virtues which we love, and in which we love to move." There Ernest felt that he knew the meaning of fidelity: "We are not rebels, we even love these familiar gentle chains" which bind us "to the grandeurs of the world."

But then suddenly he thought: "why have we abandoned so much, been guilty of so many betrayals . . . why should we reject the Church?"

★

In his long conversations with Mohammed Fadel he wanted to remain "French" and quite naturally, and with the same impulse he spoke of Christ as a Christian, "and I should have felt the greatest shame," he said, "not to have done so." He recalled those conversations "as the strangest thing in the world. I did not have the faith and I spoke as one who believed, and yet I did not have the feeling I was lacking in sincerity. For the first time I realized how Christ bound me to Him, as though despite myself and without my knowing it."

How quickly day began to break in this sincere heart "swelling with the dawn"! From then on Ernest was without ceasing to progress in Light. Was it not the seed of supernatural truth, given to him by his long-ago baptism received in the cradle, which wished to live, forcing itself toward the sun of grace that had been lost.

However, he continued on his way in the desert, magnificently carrying on his calling as a soldier. "In the nameless regions where I am going, the immensity is swept by evenly-blowing winds. All wish to teach me what is

*From "Adventures in Grace," to be published in late spring by Longmans, Green & Co. ($2.75).

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known on this earth about the infinite." *The spirit of God is borne upon the waters.* These words kept coming back to him as he "swayed monotonously on his camel during the long hours of the day," and he thought, when seized with dizziness during the sand storms: "The spirit of God is borne upon the sands. . . ."

He also meditated much during those indescribably peaceful hours of morning, on "the Roman centurion Christ praised the very day He entered Capharnaum. *In Israel I have not found so great faith.* . . . Thus a modest lieutenant of the Roman legions surpassed in love those of the race chosen among all others!" And one feels the joy, the pride with which he said:

"We also are centurions. We have a hundred men under our orders. . . . We also command, and we obey. Nothing is changed—unless it be true submission, which we do not have, unless it be humility and love. . . . Perhaps we shall never know the happiness of the centurion of Capharnaum. But we know that we shall offer no resistance and that God will enter under our roof when He wills."

Plunged in profound meditation he found himself in Capharnaum with the centurion. On leaving his tent in the evening he was seized with dizziness:

"The immense horizontal stretch of the Tijirit already looked like black velvet, but the sky straight up to the zenith was marvelously clear. . . . Assuredly great things can happen beneath a sky like that. Its very silence makes us hurry. The evening hour spurs us on. It enjoins us to return within ourselves, I mean in that part of ourselves which is pure spirit and where we shall find again *even that which is not ourselves.* It frees us from the evils of selfishness and yet it demands that we take full possession of ourselves. It projects us beyond time, beyond space, into a region where human experience seems paltry, and yet where what we discover within ourselves is inexpressibly beautiful.

"I have a feeling that beyond the last lights on the horizon there are the souls of all the apostles, virgins and martyrs, the endless army of witnesses and confessors. All of them take me by violence, take me by main force toward a moral region loftier than that in which I live today. This evening we desire with all our love their purity, and humility, their compassion, their chastity, their wisdom, their strength, their knowledge, their piety. We can understand how one can aspire toward their perfection.

"When I ponder the problem of faith, none of the difficulties raised by modern exegesis succeeds in impressing me. The so-called 'contradictions of the synoptic Gospels' serve only those who from the very first and without examination have decided to deny the supernatural. As ignorant as I am, I know well that such miserable discussions could never make anyone convinced of anything whatsoever. In fact—and here lies the whole question—it is a question of knowing whether one desires a certain moral foundation, a certain rebirth of the soul, a kind of innocent purity. It is a question of knowing whether one has an instinct for heaven, or not; of whether one desires to live among angels or beasts; whether one has the will to uplift and ceaselessly to spiritualize one's self. There is the question. To every argument can be opposed an argument, and thus appears the futility of all arguments. So if there is no desire to enlarge one's heart, if this instinct for God does not exist, no proof can be usefully furnished, and no argument is efficacious. But if one wishes to consider that anguish of the Christian which is but the desire for perfection, if one does not fear the absolute, but on the contrary feels his heart is large enough to contain it, if one is perspicacious enough to desire something other than natural morality, however beneficent it may be—then one is not far from saying as did thunderstruck Saint Paul: 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' "

★

In the desert, two persons never ceased to grow in the purified vision of Ernest Psichari: the human person, of which each of us becomes aware, together with a sense of his responsibilities, and the person of France. He knew that in the task assigned him, "a single man represents for thousands of beings the whole of France. We realize that here we are men held in high esteem. We *must* succeed. If we are beaten, it is we who will be in the wrong. If we are beaten morally, that is to say, if we build on injustice when we should have built on justice, we will be in the wrong even more. No matter how humble we may be, we nevertheless have a mission to fulfill."

This mission to make France and her justice loved was what in the first place made the knight Psichari set forth on the road in search of absolute Truth. It was first the love of France which brought him to defend the spiritual honor of his country, and it was there that he discovered Christianity.

Now, he was the Centurion in quest of the cure for his soul, searching for spiritual liberty: "We are of those who burn to submit in order to be free." Had he not already shown this when, in order to reconquer his soul, he gave himself up to army discipline? And now he says: "What a master must we not have at this time! It is the Master of Heaven and Earth Whom we call to us. We know what submission means to a soldier; we appreciate the greatness of it. But we know also that it is only the symbol of a higher submission."

Within himself, in his inner life, he clearly saw that he should concentrate all his energy to "deserving God," to perfecting himself until he could "force grace upon himself," yet that without God he could do nothing. "Grace is God's part; the desire for grace is my part."

From then on, until his return to France in December, 1912 (and a little later), he remained in the same state of mind: he knew where the truth and life which he so desired were to be found, but he could not attain them by his own strength; he was like the paralytic on the edge of the pool whose waters would cure him. And he bewailed not having the faith to which he aspired. "O, how well I could have used it,"—this land of Africa which had already proved so healthful to his soul—"if only I could have come as a Christian!" Psichari exclaimed.

In July, 1911, he passed through the city of Chingueti, a city of scholars and priests. "Deep in the desert, in the midst of desolation, a city of prayer arises; a city of God, beaten by every wind that blows and which, rejected by the gardens of the earth, has gone to rejoin Heaven." What astounded Psichari was "the heavy sadness on all faces . . ." and he thought that the frightful weight on the mind of these men of God came from their belief that Heaven is closed to the prayers of men. "They are dying from never having heard that blessed phrase from which alone a little joy spreads over the earth: *Ask, and it shall be given to you . . . knock and it shall be opened to you.*" But coming back to himself he adds: "We are not even as good as these great dreamers who at least adore the real God, even if they do not adore Him in truth."

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A painful feeling of the heavy responsibility which weighed upon him and upon young Frenchmen in general, overwhelmed him: "We are aware it is upon us that the salvation of France depends, and therefore the salvation of the world and of civilization. Everything is staked upon our heads." Psichari wrote that exactly three years before the first World War. Was not this young man of twenty-seven, who in three years would have ceased to live, at the very heart of reality? Faced with the task which France must accomplish under pain of death, he trembled as he thought of the mediocrity of the intellectual and political leaders of youth: "All our dignity, the moral greatness which has reigned over twenty centuries of history no longer exist—drowned as they are in the sea of mediocrity that is submerging us." He was remembering what his friend Jacques, who was taking his first steps as a philosopher, had written a short time before, in 1910: ". . . One can easily see that modern thinkers prefer first and foremost and without any hesitation, ten errors coming from man to one truth coming from God."

And he who already loved that which he could not yet *believe,* wished at least, by speaking and acting like a Christian, to contribute to the strength and to the salvation of France. Is not this of far greater importance than personal salvation? he asks himself. "What does a particular vocation matter when the election of a whole people is in question? Even if I do not walk in the paths of grace, I still have the satisfaction of knowing that I am acting in a certain way, that I am continuing a great Christian action of the past and that I am participating in a great Christian action of the present. . . . In no way claiming a place among the elect myself, I participate nevertheless in the election of the French people. What is a vocation in comparison with election? What is the salvation of the individual in comparison with the eternal salvation of France?" This thought comforted him, but if through his generous as well as sophistic arguments, he had thought however little to smother the voice that cries in the desert: "Make straight your paths!" he failed. For the question is not to know who is among the elect—how could anyone know this with certainty?—but to know what we should do. "Lord, what do you wish of me?" Saint Paul cried out as soon as Faith had opened his eyes. Ernest tried to escape from himself in the intoxication of wide spaces, or in the repose during the brief halts. But what did rest or the intoxication of space mean "for him who feared above all to find himself face to face with the quagmire of his own soul, for him, in short, who would not stop until he had found the perfect order and delightful harmony of truth"?

What made Psichari's experience in the desert so astounding a testimony of the ways of God is that he was still pursuing a life of sin while at the same time receiving the most illuminating graces. It would seem these graces were all the more penetrating in that they were still unstable—but with what invincible force they attracted him! They preserved him from anxiety and gave him the assurance that Another would heal him; they tended first and foremost to infuse him with faith.

And he thought with his whole heart, a little nostalgically, of "those well-ordered French lives, always taken up with prayer and honest work, well established in purity and peace of heart. Back there are souls who do not seek the exhilaration of travel because they have found their haven . . . in comparable beatitude.

"Instead of that we are cast upon the world, in sin. . . . Fear slips into us. It is not possible, some unknown voice tells us, that life be there—in all this rancour, in this despair that is sin. It is not possible that this road which leads nowhere be the right road; it is not possible that the Saints do not prevail over us, and that purity does not prevail over impurity."

But for this human ethics cannot suffice. "They are powerless to give you peace," says the voice. . . . "Take the most righteous of pagans. Think of the most admirable Stoic. He quickly reaches the limits of his perfection. Having reached this point, he stops, looks himself over and, if he wants, writes the *'Meditations'* of Marcus Aurelius or the *'Encheiridion'* of Epictetus. Take now the humblest of the Saints. Natural morals seem very little to him; because what is easy is not enough for him. . . . Up to his death he is anxious for perfection. . . . Thus his life is a perpetual springing forth, a perpetual movement, a glorious ascension, it is like a scaling of heaven which allows no rest. . . ."

Strauss Waltz: December, 1944

I know now. The cries
from the street entangled, could only billow
hushing velvet at window bays;
were less than the violins, less than the willowy
whisper of ball dresses waltzing, but now I know;
now there are shapes askance of terror too new
for name, making lewd, making frantic
the mirror-music.

The house I was born in had walls of this music, the cool
many-mirrored
forever-house, peopled with gesture. Notes in a tune
were the glidings, cherishings, brushing of lips on brow,
while the silvered
multiple dusk of the mirrors made a room
beyond, whose light was pearled as the candor
of a girl's fluorescent flesh in a high Victorian chamber
with lamp extinguished, seeing herself and the form behind her.

But I know now; I run, leave the glossy handles
of doors wrenched up, peer ahead, graze the angles
of streets in a stumble of flounces. Actions
jostle me, eyes are strained in directions,
faces I saw from a carriage rush by. I must find
them somehow, shred my gloves scooping rubble with hands
for their barricades, shoulder the puzzling remembered
sounds
of their laughter, rip like a ruffle the dream of end.

Yet by my legend at home in trailing
attire, I know in the midst I shall lift
with a moment's solicitous hand the disheveled
skirt from the stones, deny with swiveled
refusing glance that behind on the pocked
upheaved horizon might lie wrecked
the mirror-house. On tall young men
with curt new faces I shall pin
like a favor the image that spun in the space
between heartbeats, the dream, and the dimmer dancing
beyond in the glass.

MARY FOXWORTHY.

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The Stage & Screen

The Glass Menagerie

ALL SORTS of things are going on on the stage of the Playhouse under the above title, and I suspect it is to Tennessee Williams's advantage that his play is being wholly celebrated and bought as a performance. A mixture of symbolism (the title), naturalism (the body of the piece), and fantasy (a number of theatrical effects), the work presents a sure rigmarole to the audience simultaneously with large opportunities for bravura to the players. I can only imagine Mr. Williams's intention was to present a man, "Now," and his story, "The Past." (Quotations are taken from the time-sequence listed in the program.) However, what chiefly emerges is the story and it is this: a decayed and not quite genuine Southern Belle, deserted by her no-account husband and arrived in a back alley tenement in St. Louis, ceaselessly nags her weakling son (support of the family) to provide some opportunity for his crippled sister who, utterly repressed, lives only in the contemplation of her collection of glass animals. A "Gentleman Caller" is deviously procured, momentarily lifts the daughter into life and delight, and disappears into the arms of his own girl. The significance of the title (and the possible solution of the problem of the crippled daughter) will be an over-simplified incident during the "Caller's" visit when the horn of a glass unicorn is inadvertently broken and the animal is returned to the shelf with "the other horses." So much for "The Past." For the "Now," a new dimension is added to the work, or rather precedes it. The "Son" of the story is also its narrator, opens it, names it a "play of memory," and adjusts its purely theatrical devices such as cueing in the music, raising and dimming the lights. In this rôle, he is brilliantly assisted by the design (Mielziner's) of the setting which accentuates perfectly the real-dream skip in action. It having been projected in the body of the piece that this character wishes to escape to the Merchant Marine, evidently we are supposed to guess his escape before we can learn his identity, his primary clue as narrator being a pea jacket and woolen cap—and these accoutrements an afterthought on the part of the producers as the publicity pictures show. However, rejecting the gnawing smallness of this quibble, what the work proves is the impossibility of detailed characterization (even of such excellence as this author's) based on faulty documentation or no documentation at all. As studies in naturalism the four characters on view are to the life. I can imagine no spectator unable to identify them through experience. And they are as completely written as played. However, even though "as large as life and twice as natural," their circumstance (and I oppose this term to action) is extremely fancy indeed. We are asked to believe, for instance, in a sailor in the "Now" with no recognizable reference to the "Now" as we know it. His account of "The Past" would appear to be a story of American life during the years of depression, but this

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supposition is destroyed when (later in the "Now") we suddenly learn that the story's period is that of the Spanish Civil War at the same time as (note quote) "America was singing 'The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise'"! At this same date, the "Gentleman Caller" of the piece is made to speak convincingly of "getting into Radio on the ground floor," and there are instances of dialect, slang, and tunes which jump the situation all over yesterday in spite of the especial and familiar period the narration has fixed, or will do. If these items of complaint seem unduly fractional, it must be remembered that the method Mr. Williams has chosen for his main play depends wholly upon the fractional, upon the building of infinitestimal pieces of observation to create men and women. And it is his extreme astuteness in handling this method which breeds suspicion in his audience when he veers into false or no detail, into abstraction, into metaphysical extensions of theater presentation. In the last analysis, what he has accomplished is the creation of four walloping parts which, by virtue of his cast, results in an exhibition of the art of playing and no play. It seems to me the kindest comment on this phenomenon will be to call Mr. Williams a playwright *in transition* rather than an irresponsible artist, and the only conclusions we can offer him (or, in fact, that he offers us) are axiomatic: that a little logic is a silly thing; that random eclecticism in no way comprises poetry or drama; that projected forms are certainly to be explored before they are peopled.

Overshadowing good work by Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and especially Anthony Ross, the performance of Laurette Taylor as the mother of the piece is by now everywhere news, and I can only add my appreciation of such a personal triumph. An added fillip, unmentioned I think elsewhere, is her use of a spoken curtain call. But I do not know whether to call this Mr. Williams's last straw, or her own particular plum. (*At the Playhouse.*)

If Five Years Pass

A REPRESENTATION which neither truism nor logic can compass, the world première of Federico Garcia Lorca's play, offered by the Jane Street Group at the Provincetown Playhouse, is here briefly mentioned in the interest of theater as well as news. And more immediately, in the interest of attendance. As I am hourly confronted by a deadline, it seems more honest to record impressions and to hold analysis off until next week; therefore, I should like to say at once that this vehicle of dream (no dreamer) constituted for me the most intense experience in modern theater I have received outside the books. Frankly an experiment—it is one of two surrealist plays projected by its author, Spain's greatest poet-dramatist—the piece necessarily employs a system of private and received symbols precisely figured by actors although in no way to be naturalistically interpreted by them. The theme can be identified with one of the White Queen's in "Through the Looking Glass": *remembering forwards;* and its working depends upon an ambiguity which is as exciting as it is pure. And here it is tragic. I think the effect can only be defined as the physical acting out of metaphor: as trope summons trope in the lines, the figures

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recall, accept, or impel other figures, subjects, things. It is of course no more astonishing that Garcia Lorca has been only twice before played in this country than that Brecht is completely unplayed. In the work of both these men the stage is returned to the poet and poetry is made. What is important about this production is not so much that it is mainly well done, that it is exactly amateur, that it is "little"; but that it presents the real source of which Broadway is always, admittedly only, the small rehearsal. I will call it art and will continue this comment next week. (*At the Provincetown Playhouse.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Wild Horses and Wild Men

AN ANIMAL could play the lead in a picture with human beings gathered around in supporting rôles; this was the case in "Lassie Come Home." Or an animal could play a subsidiary character, as in "National Velvet" which allowed human beings to be of first interest but never slighted the importance of the Piebald. Two new films once more illustrate these starring and secondary-but-influential rôles of our four-footed friends in the affairs of men. Somehow, horsey pictures have a popularity that spells box-office—whether the picture is a lowly horse opera or a high budgeted race-track spectacle.

"Thunderhead, Son of Flicka" should appeal to outdoor folk even if they don't have a yen for horses. Its magnificent scenery (Utah and Wyoming locale) has been beautifully photographed in technicolor; this photography almost has a clean smell of the great open spaces and indeed provides a real treat for city people. Admirers of horses will of course get a thrill out of the fine beasts as they run wild in pasture and on heights or as they submit to man in corral and track. The script, based on Mary O'Hara's novel, is at times a bit talky, but its story is graced by simplicity and an absence of anthropomorphism. With practically the same cast as "My Friend Flicka," "Thunderhead," which is a sequel to this other Mary O'Hara book and film, tells in good cinematic terms about Ken's efforts to break and train Flicka's son. While Thunderhead never becomes tractable, he proves himself of value to the McLaughlin family when he battles and kills the wild Albino who has been stealing their mares. Louis King, realizing that this film is mainly about horses and one in particular, has directed his cast with that in mind. Roddy MacDowall, as the 14-year-old Ken, and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson, as his parents, hold our interest but do not steal the film from Thunderhead. The horse, or several horses, who play the title rôle at various ages turn in first-rate performances. Ken finally becomes aware that he will never be able to hold Thunderhead after the stallion has eliminated the Albino. The final scene, in which the boy releases the horse and we see Thunderhead racing for the hills and full liberty, is portrayed in moving splendor.

A wild horse figures in *"Salty O'Rourke"* too, but only in so far as he is necessary in the complications of the plot. Our hero, a racetrack gambler played with all the toughness that Alan Ladd can inject into a rôle, owes another mug, made even more viciously tough by Bruce Cabot, twenty grand which must be paid in a month—or somebody is going to do something to somebody. So Ladd (who, you must remember, is blond and very handsome though tough) cooks up a scheme whereby a 22-year-old jockey, played by tough Stanley Clements with a supercilious sneer, will ride the speedy but uncontrollable horse that Ladd has picked up cheaply. The catch to the deal is that this jockey is the only one who can ride this horse and he has been barred from the tracks. So Ladd passes him off as the jockey's young brother. And thereby enters another complication which gives the film its real interest. As a 17-year-old, the jockey has to go to school for underage riders. The teacher, portrayed by Gail Russell with amazing naïveté and unawareness that would shock any school board, is very pretty—and this leads to a triangle: jockey, teacher, gambler. Milton Holmes wrote the story and screenplay and has peppered his unusual plot with slang, snappy lines and hard, realistic gutter repartee. At times the situations are amusing and frequently they are very exciting. If the whole piece could have been played without straining to gain our sympathies toward these unscrupulous people, if the film could have been made objectively, "Salty O'Rourke" might have become an absorbing study in low life. Surely the triangle, which is made more acute when Ladd, wise to the situation, asks the dumb teacher who has by this time fallen for him (Ladd) to be especially nice to the jockey, is as pathetic and dishonorable as any love story the movies have attempted. Raoul Walsh excels in directing the big scenes and in the episodes involving Ladd, Clements and the trainer, played by William Demarest with a wonderful sense of humor. The dissolving of the plot is too cheap for serious consideration, but the characterizations will hold your interest. You have to keep in mind of course that Alan Ladd is never allowed to be as thoroughly bad as the script makes him out to be. The only character you really believe in and care for is the horse; horses, even wild ones, seldom think up the nasty things that men do to each other.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Book of Struggle

ANNE FREMANTLE

WHEN POPE advised his reader that the proper study of mankind was man, his tongue was no doubt nicely tucked in his cheek, for it is wholly impossible to investigate man with any degree of attention without presuming God to scan—so closely related are the two realities, creature and Creator. Mr. Sylvester has written an orderly and an exciting novel,* neatly constructed—the theme announced at the beginning is developed, interrupted, suspended, climaxed—both in form and content this is a tidy piece of work. But the central character is not Spencer Bain, the brilliant young Columbia-trained anthropologist. Corot said of his pictures, that light was the hero, here in this book Grace is. Bain, poor foolish

* Dayspring. Harry Sylvester. Appleton-Century. $2.75.

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young man, is so naïve he isn't even afraid to mock the Deity in Whom he doesn't believe. But God, as Aldous Huxley (amongst others!) has pointed out, is not mocked: He is the Mocker. By joining the Church at the suggestion of his native assistant, José Mirabal, a diabolist, in order to discover the secrets of the Hermanos de Luz, or Penitente Brotherhood, Bain opens the door of his soul, without being aware of what he does, to Grace; and the draught that blows in scatters more than the cobwebs. The novel moves with a certain formality—first Satan has an inning, then God goes to bat. But from the moment when Bain is shown, sleeping off the effects of a casual adultery-cum-binge in his cold, uncomfortable quarters in Tarale, a New Mexican village more than a little phony with summer visitors and a pseudo-artistic colony, until he leaves in his car for his grand new job in California, the sequence is fast, telling, and real.

The contrast between the priests—Nunes, the shrewd native and Gannon, the somewhat sleek Irishman—is good. Bain's wife, Elva, who is a teacher of philology at the University of California at Los Angeles, is beautifully done. Bain and she are in love, but afraid of having children; they have already had one abortion. Bain sees the marriage of modern scientists "represented as a young man and woman approaching each other, a microscope in his hands, some vague kind of contraceptive in hers." Bain is completely masculine, blaming his work for his cheating, and for his sin; blaming Elva, even seeing her as evil, when it is he who is the heel. When she comes to visit him he first persuades her to sleep with him without contraceptives, then sends her out to buy them, and then calls her a goddam bitch when she refuses to have a second abortion—surely an all-time low! Yet he is somehow appealing in his unwilling continence, in his continual anticipative imagination and memory of his wife, that change so swiftly to satiation when she comes.

Body and soul, poor Spence is a battleground, and every character, however minor, as he or she contacts Bain, takes sides, for or against his salvation, that is being accomplished almost in spite of Bain himself. There is a great deal of action, and the plot moves without trace of tedium; there are two lively murders, Bain attempts a seduction, and is in turn seduced, and after he joins the Hermanos under his false colors, he finds the dye coming off on himself. His own explanation of what happens to him is as good as any: "he knew that in certain monasteries or convents, when a monk or nun was experiencing a period of spiritual dryness, their superior or confessor would advise the making of all the indicated gestures of prayer or penance or good works, even though the heart was not in them, and in time the heart would be in them." It was not a good explanation, but any other explanation not only displeased but frightened him—the possibility, which gradually he is obliged to face, that another could have a hand in what is happening. It is true indeed, as the Easter issue of Mr. Luce's great periodical, *Life,* pointed out in a full-page editorial, that religion must be theology. Or it will be only FFI—Funny Feelings Inside. And the point-counterpoint of theology, the warp and the woof, is Grace and freewill, or oneself and the Other.

The solid humanity of Bain, continually stung by the appetites of his rather schoolboyish flesh, as he watches the men trailing the movie starlet like dogs after a bitch, or is himself tempted by the saintly daughter of his diabolist assistant, or flops into the over-accomplished arms of his prospective publisher's wife, is undermined by the mole-like activity of Grace. It does not matter that he denies the Church, that he wills the death of his unborn child; that he is as deliberately evil as he can be; he but throws the dust against the wind, in Blake's great simile, and the wind blows it back again—a wind that blows where it listeth. It is to Mr. Sylvester's credit that Bain is so real; he is not Everyman, nor Christian, but Spencer Bain—so much so, that the reader, meeting someone of that name hereafter, may well ask, "any relation of the anthropologist?" and then realize, no, of course, you can't be, he was in a book. But some of the minor characters are too rude—sketched in with charcoal. Mrs. Senton, the old harridan who enjoys, vicariously with her mind, pleasures her aged flesh no longer can afford; Ruth Trevelyan, pathetic and unreal would-be nymphomaniac; Schapper, Bain's ultra man-of-worldly science boss—these are lay figures, overstuffed.

★

The most obvious purpose of the writing seems to be to describe and to justify the Penitentes. And it doesn't quite come off. Almost the author proves that without sadism, without masochism, without hysteria, it is possible through the body's pain to still the ache of already forgiven, but never forgotten, sin. The flaw is not in the writing, which here is adequate—for example, the description of Bain dragging the *carrete* with the unturning wheels, which ends "so, in another man's blood, in the extreme and almost heretical gestures of a religion which he did not believe, between the faces of his own people, not the less mocking because they did not recognize him, hooded, sweating, bloody and in pain, Bain finished his journey."

Perhaps Mr. Sylvester fails because he is still too "yung and easily freudened" as James Joyce put it. He is too afraid of the simplicity of his own conclusions—the Church, the Hermanos, the basic human emotions experienced by Bain, cold, hunger, lust, pain, is it not all too easy? And the shadows are so much more solidly satisfactory to portray, even though one knows light is the hero—so, throughout literature, Alyosha and Prince Andrey are less deeply etched into the consciousness of humanity than Iago and Clytemnestra. So Mr. Sylvester's sadly skunk-like hero ends in a blaze of glory, that would have delighted the child-like heart of Dr. Isaac Watts, who wrote:

> O may Thy powerful Word
> Inspire this feeble worm
> To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord
> And take it as by storm.

Unfortunately, there are too many things in this novel which might cause unnecessary scandal to child-like hearts, and an expurgated edition would make pleasanter reading.

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This Publishing Business

The Summa of Newman

Not in seven centuries has the Church had a thinker like Newman; not in fifteen centuries has she had a writer like him. But he wrote no systematic treatise. St. Thomas made his own Summa Theologica; it has been left for a priest of our own generation to make Newman's Summa Spiritualis. *A Newman Synthesis* by Father Przywara, S.J. is no less than that. He has taken hundreds of passages from all over the vast mass of Newman's writings, and has so arranged them as to reconstruct Newman's thought, in its shape and proportion and completeness, as it was present in Newman's own mind. Nothing but the sheer bulk of Newman's writing has kept him from being the most widely read of all spiritual writers in the English tongue. He is as easy to read as any, he is more glorious to read than any. But readers were kept from beginning by the sight of so much. Now that solitary obstacle is removed, we feel that Newman will take his rightful place, the first, among modern spiritual guides.

The general theme of the book is the growth of man to full spiritual maturity. This is seen in three stages:

first—fallen man's path to Christianity—the apprehension by his conscience of God as giver of the moral law, the perception of his own situation as one of sin, misery and profound need of God's help;

secondly—his conviction of Christianity and of Christ as his divinely willed and commissioned Messiah and Saviour—through the fact of Christ in His historical life on earth, fulfilling the Old Testament, radiating miracle, living on in the Church—"head and body one Christ";

finally—redeemed man's path *in* Christianity, the way of faith which leads to the beatific vision of the one God in three Persons, the way of complete surrender to God's guidance and of brotherly love as a member of Christ's one body, a life lived from and in God.

These three stages are divided into a score of sections and each section is further subdivided into some hundred steps, which mark out the whole upward journey of the soul. Thus the spiritual life, dynamically and in its totality, lies in analysis before the reader: upon the points of that analysis, Father Przywara threads passages from Newman—choosing those which careful research shows to be representative of the final state of his mind. The book is thus all Newman: the passages fall into sequence without the aid of any connecting links externally supplied: Newman surveys the whole of the conflict and co-operation of nature and grace.

It is not easy to speak soberly of this book, and if one cannot speak soberly it is better to say as little as possible, since the language of enthusiasm has been appropriated to salesmanship. Let us say that to read the book is to see God and one's own soul as though for the first time. —F. J. S.

A NEWMAN SYNTHESIS by Erich Przywara, S.J. $3.50

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1945 Spring Books

THE EDITORS

THE LATEST novels are more interesting as a group than any comparable number published in this country since Pearl Harbor. Perhaps the best written of all is Rumer Godden's "Take Three Tenses" (Little, $3.00), although some readers would give ascendancy in the matter of style to the more tortuous, subtly sophisticated "The Ballad and the Source," by Rosamund Lehmann (Reynal, $2.75). Reviewers have disagreed sharply about Harry Sylvester's "Dayspring" (Appleton, $2.75), which is reviewed at some length elsewhere in this issue, but most of the unfriendly critics failed to get the point. A rather remarkable first novel with Catholic overtones is "The Broken Pitcher," by Naomi Gilpatrick (Dial, $2.50). Several cuts above the average level of even good current fiction is Frank Swinnerton's "A Woman in Sunshine" (Doubleday, $2.75), which is so artfully spun out that it will leave many a reader guessing as to the real opinion of the author about his fading heroine. Mr. Swinnerton also has the curious knack of making repulsiveness quite fascinating. Finally, there is Glenway Westcott's "Apartment in Athens" (Harper, $2.50), which sensitively develops the mutual feeling between a German officer of occupation and the Greek family with whom he is billeted.

Whereas American current fiction is beginning to show certain signs of increasing maturity and stylistic artisanship, the season's new biographies for the first time in several years prove disappointing. There are in fact few volumes of note which are strictly biographical in character. For instance, one of the best, "When We're Green We Grow," by Jane Simpson McKimmon (U. of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, $4.00), concerns itself solely with the author's career as director of rural education in the State of North Carolina. And in doing so it reveals a womanly character which is as notable for its charm as it is for its warm Christian kindliness. "Black Boy," by Richard Wright (Harpers, $2.50), on the other hand, is the agonized story of youth in the South, where impenetrable racial discrimination led to violence and bitterness. Back in the days of our greatest hopes as a nation life in Colonial Virginia had its points, if you had the wherewithal; if you had the genius and the drive of "The Young Jefferson," by Claude G. Bowers (Houghton, $3.75), life was very exciting indeed. Then there is "American Chronicle," by Ray Stannard Baker (Scribners, $3.50), which takes up the autobiography of "David Grayson," the official biographer of Woodrow Wilson, from the time he got his first job in Chicago (at $4.00 a week) after graduating from the University of Michigan in 1892. This is not the first time that Gertrude Stein has produced a book which is hard to classify. Her "Wars I Have Seen" (Random, $2.50) is one of the first detailed stories we have had in this country of what happened in France during the recent German occupation. For anyone who has any real interest in the subject it is her most satisfying book. "Mozart," by Alfred Einstein (Oxford, $5.00), is more of a critical analysis of his character and his work than it is a straight biographical narrative.

One of the neatest jobs of the season is R. C. K. Ensor's

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150-page "A Miniature History of the War" (Oxford, $1.50). Its emphasis on the inevitable and strict correlation between mass production and the ability to win decisive battles, as well as his well-ordered analysis of the ebb and relentless flow of this global conflict, are exceedingly good. For bulk and get-up, one of the most impressive historical volumes of the current publishing season is "The French Revolution," by J. M. Thompson (Oxford, $5.00); it is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Duell, Sloane & Pearce are bringing out a series of sectional historical and geographical studies of the United States which are uniformly good both from the viewpoint of human interest and real quality. "Town Meeting Country," by Clarence M. Webster ($3.00), deals with the small section of the country round the Rhode Island-Connecticut border, but what he has found there should apply in large measure to more far-flung sections of historic New England. Gertrude Atherton's "Golden Gate Country" ($3.00) is issued at a particularly opportune moment in view of the plans for the conference at San Francisco and, of course, the colorful story of that fabled metropolis is told with all of Miss Atherton's charm.

Although the problems are intricate, some of the most lively books now being published have to deal with the controversial issues of our time. Some of these are reviewed elsewhere in this issue, notably Marshall Field's "Freedom Is More Than a Word" (Chicago, $2.50), "Civil Life in Wartime Germany," by Max Seydewitz (Viking, $3.50) and Wilfrid Fleisher's "What to Do with Japan" (Doubleday, $2.00). The most heavily blasted book of the early spring season was William L. White's "Report on the Russians" (Harcourt, $2.50). Despite the critical barrage in disagreement, THE COMMONWEAL continues to maintain that on the whole it was a good reporting job. The wisdom of publishing certain blunt observations about Russia we questioned at the time, but as the weeks have passed and American toughness on the diplomatic front has grown with the acceleration of our victories in the field, even that adverse criticism loses much of its force. "China Among the Powers," by David N. Rowe (Harcourt, $2.00), and "China After Seven Years of War," edited by Hollington K. Tong (Macmillan, $2.00), comprise an excellent combination. The first makes a strong plea for honest partnership with China, based on the author's firsthand observations and considerable advanced study, while in the second an able group of Chinese journalists and more occasional writers present a highly informative and accurate picture of war-torn China from the inside. On the question of maintaining fulltime production and employment once hostilities have ceased, there are "Full Employment in a Free Society," by William H. Beveridge (Norton, $3.75) and "America's Role in the World Economy," by Alvin H. Hansen (Norton, $3.50). Stiff but rewarding going can be found in Don Luigi Sturzo's "The Inner Laws of Society" (Kenedy, $3.50).

H. A. Reinhold's "The Soul Afire" (Pantheon, $3.50) is a remarkable anthology of the revelations of the mystics from the golden era of Greece down to our time. There have recently appeared two excellent little books on the Catholic liturgy. "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Martin B. Hellriegel (Pio Decimo, St. Louis, $1.25) is self-explanatory; "The Cleansing of the Temple," by Theodore Wesseling, O.S.B. (Longmans, $1.75) suggests Lent as a symbol of social purification and Easter as a symbol of social reconstruction.

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Editors' Choice

TAKE THREE TENSES. *Rumer Godden. Little.* $2.00.

FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD. *Marshall Field. Chicago.* $2.50.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. *Julian P. Boyd. Princeton.* $3.50.

This Lovely Novel

SOMEONE will say that Rumer Godden's new novel is all about a house in London and that there is no story when the three tenses, the past, the present and the future, are all mixed up because a story must lead you from some fixed point, even if it is in the past, to another point, the point of surprise, the point of climax, the point of resolution, or else it is no story. Someone will say that everything is so mixed up in this story that you begin to be sorry about Griselda and then you find she has been dead a long time or suddenly that she is just about to have a child and there is Rolls and Lark, and someone will say they're in love. But although Rolls plays polo at Ranelagh, serves in India and through all the first world war, he also, throughout this story is an old man talking with his butler in his London house and although he talks with Lark, Lark is not there when the butler interrupts their conversation bringing the old General his tea; Lark has been gone many years.

But if anyone has these difficulties with "Take Three Tenses" it is because he cannot read. Rumer Godden writes the simplest, clearest, the most unaffected prose; she makes use of the most conventional punctuation marks, the comma, the semi-colon, the colon, the period; she also makes use of the conventional tenses, the present, the past, the future. There is nothing in the rules to prevent her using now the present, now the past. Hers is no experimental prose. The only thing is that the reader must read what she writes, observe the tense she uses, follow her docilely as she moves so gracefully among the characters of the past the present and the future who all are timeless in their relation to the London house. That is it. A certain docility is required of the reader to which he is unaccustomed. The reader is unaccustomed to precision in writing; the reader is accustomed to an orderly progress through the story of three generations: the marriage of the grandparents described, and then what happens to their children and then what happens to the grandson and to the granddaughter. So that the reader may know always where he is. That is what the reader is accustomed to think of as precision in writing. But it is only the precise routine of chronology. Precision in writing permits one to move about as one likes in time. Miss Godden sees all her people at once; she sees them as the London house sees them, and all the clocks ticking in the London house mark time only for those who look at their faces; but for the clocks and for the house, all who pass through the house, who were born there and who die, remain there with no subjection to time as long as the house remains.

For Rolls, the old general, everything that was ever in the house remains in the house and in his mind and urgently in his heart. There are people Rolls has never seen—Griselda died when he was born—but Miss Godden knows them and she knows what Lena did when Rolls became aware of his love for Lark and she knows exactly what Griselda thought when first she came to live in the

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house with "The Eye." She knows the charwomen, the cooks; she knows the china, the silver; the presents brought each year to Griselda and how "The Eye" would not take Griselda to Rome because there would be no fishing in Rome. So that everything that was in the house is in the book.

It happens that the house contained Griselda and Lark, lovely Griselda, romantic and dutiful Griselda, lovely Lark; Griselda bore nine children in the house; Lark was brought to the house and left the house; the twins died in the house; after Griselda's death Lena ran the house; "The Eye" founded the house; he was Griselda's husband; Rolls left the house for service in India and then he returned to the house and was alone in the house thinking of Lark and talking to Lark who had left the house so many years before. It happens that the house contained no adultery, no perversion; "The Eye" never went bankrupt; there was some selfishness in the house; Rolls was very stupid about Lark; he lost Lark; the house inspired a great sense of duty in everyone—but Lark, of course, was an outsider; there was never anything in the house that would have seemed dramatic if printed in the papers, or to the police. But the people of the house are in our heart until in due course we forget the book as we forget everything else.

Nothing more lovely has been written for a long time; nothing as pure and direct has been written for a long time.

The Angel of *PM*

A LOT of people on hearing that Marshall Field has written a book to give definitive form to his basic ideas are going to be mighty curious to find out what possessed him to start *PM* in New York and then back that paper munificently for so long. "Freedom Is More than a Word" gives the answers, all right—his own express reasons and the implicit explanations that soon begin to seep through. He makes a good case that in many American cities certain newspapers have an absolute monopoly and therefore can prevent the local public from getting all the news. He knows that the cost of starting up a competitive morning or evening daily with all its necessary services is prohibitive. Yet he believes that there are facts which commercially-minded papers (the press in his view tends to support property rights over human rights where the two conflict) keep from the local public or successfully play down. He conceives of *PM* as a "leader in public exposure," a crusading, fighting newspaper. At the same time Mr. Field believes so warmly in full freedom of the press that he has left the running of this paper, if not the formulation and continuance of its policy, to the active editorial staff.

The result has been a curious amalgam of perpetual griping and effective pleading for better things. Muckraking there has been aplenty—more convincing in many instances for the vigor in the headlines than for the substantiating news stories underneath. *PM* has been a fighting newspaper and has tried to live up to its avowed policy of "getting mad and staying mad at the right things." The trouble is that if your object in life is to get mad, you actually give the public a distorted view of things, since you have continually to dream up new things to get mad at or else grossly exaggerate what injustices you do find to keep up your fighting spirit. Only a small group of American "liberals" have succeeded, with the communists and fellow-travelers, in staying worked up

"A masterpiece"*

DAYSPRING

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about "the right things," i.e., "fascism," day in day out. And Marshall Field himself is openly somewhat critical of Soviet Russia, but he is on record as against interfering with his staff. All in all, hence *PM*.

The early chapters of the book develop Mr. Field's fundamental beliefs. Not once does he refer to his Creator, but the things he wants closely parallel basic Christian social objectives. The platform for his Chicago *Sun* is as good a brief summary of American democratic objectives as can be found anywhere. His insistence that social power must always remain sufficiently divided to protect the liberties of the citizen is extremely apposite. He recognizes the contribution which big business, if properly regulated, can make to the well-being of the American and other peoples. He manifests a right slant on little business, the responsibilities of wealth, cooperatives, public ownership of things like public utilities, labor unions (of whose failings he is well aware). And then he is convincing in his contention that if we believe in democracy we must be tough about it, we must be willing to fight, to sweat, to expend ourselves, to be regular commandos in our efforts to achieve it. Marshall Field, in fact, wants for human society practically all the right things.

Does he know how to go after them? The way *PM* has turned out (unfortunately we do not read the Chicago *Sun*) raises certain doubts. Even more fearsome are the reactions to his ideas about education. He has swallowed, fishing pole and all, the Veblen theory that classical and liberal arts education is only for the purpose of supplying a certain swank, an added polish, through which the favored few may lord it over their less elegant contemporaries. He quotes Robert Hutchins vociferously on the subject of effective teaching but completely ignores the core of the Hutchins educational program. It does not occur to him, or he refuses to consider it, that these studies—if properly presented, to be sure—have anything to do with training the human mind, let alone soundly molding the human character, the one element which will in fact decide whether American democracy will be a success or a failure. Marshall Field also betrays naïveté in other matters: he maintains that Soviet Russia does not "aggressively" impose her ideology on other countries; that human beings are so good naturally that they will not rest until need and injustice are banished from the globe; that Americans were appeasers between 1920 and 1940 solely because they were misinformed. Mr. Field flatly denies it in this book, but he is an angelist, or a Platonist. According to his views man would be just and society would be well-ordered if only everyone was well enough supplied with the type of facts which he would like to see in our daily papers.

Formulation of a Document

JULIAN P. BOYD, librarian of Princeton University, has prepared for Americans a special study regarding the formulation of the Declaration of Independence which possesses no little interest. If it is necessary to demonstrate once again how a document of this sort does not spring full-fledged from any Jovian brow—even the brow of Thomas Jefferson—Mr. Boyd has so demonstrated. Nor is he the first to have done so, but rather the most succinct and the handiest. His book consists of 46 pages of text, describing the sources of this great state paper—as best we can trace them—the changes it underwent from the time of its first drafting to the time of its passage

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through Congress, and the documents on which all this is based. Following these pages of text we are given 30 pages of collotype reproduction of the principal documents extant, so that if a reader is inclined to question any of Mr. Boyd's findings, he can look for himself. "The Declaration of Independence" is a fine piece of book-making, though legibility has somewhat been sacrificed to neatness of appearance through the use of an excessively wide column in the body of the text. It looks nice, but it is hard to follow, from line to line, with any but the sharpest eye.

The general atmosphere or climate of political thinking which produced the doctrine of the fathers of our Revolution has been copiously investigated, and pretty well established, except for matters of unimportant detail. The influence of Locke seems to have been predominant, although a host of other writers and thinkers, ranging back through the Middle Ages (indirect) to Aristotle and his fellow Greeks (direct) contributed to the general pattern. Mr. Boyd concerns himself relatively little with these matters, except to give us an outline of what others, notably Carl Becker, have dug up. He then proceeds to make his real contribution by reconstructing a first draft, as prepared by Jefferson for the Committee named by Congress for this purpose, of which he was chairman. He traces through the changes probably suggested by members of this Committee—especially John Adams and Franklin—and then (what is much easier) the changes made by Congress itself. Very justly Mr. Boyd points out that the changes made in Congress, painful as they were to Jefferson, in many respects improved the Declaration, and he also remarks that it is a great tribute to the caliber of the men making up that Congress that their changes succeeded considerably in shortening the original draft rather than—what is usually the case—lengthening it.

Indeed upon examination of the changes as Mr. Boyd so carefully outlines them, one is forced to agree with his judgment. The only long section which we may all wish had been included is the section on the slave trade. Of course it was altogether politic to omit it; to have kept it in would have been seriously to threaten the unity of the Colonies now become States. Yet that does not stand in the way of our regretting its omission, as much because of its wisdom as because of its magnificent language.

Here, then, is the accusation against King George, as framed by Jefferson, and as omitted for the appeasement of certain Northern slave traders, Georgia and South Carolina:

> he has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life & liberty in the persons of distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. this piratical warfare, the opprobrium of *infidel* powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN king of Great Britain. determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom *he* also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another.

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More Books of the Week

What to Do with Japan. Wilfrid Fleisher. Doubleday. $2.00.

"WHAT to do *with* Japan" or "What to do *to* Japan" is the real question. One would be better satisfied if one ever knew what writers mean—for that is exactly what must be decided, and decided by us, right now. The two most serious and dangerous facts that confront us in the Pacific, and upon which our future depends in our relations with Asia, are: the seeming impossibility of Americans and Japanese understanding each other; and the grave consequences of our acceptance of what Norman Thomas calls "an organized race riot."

In the generation of sixty to forty years ago in the Far East many men, Americans not least among them, did understand China and Japan, and for a very simple reason: every sinologue (a forgotten word to us!) not only spoke, read, and wrote Chinese fluently and well, but did it on the basis of combined scholarship in both languages—on the basis of scholarly knowledge of Chinese literature, art, philosophy and history as well as those of the Occident. The same was true of the Japanese. In our present generation of primary and almost exclusive emphasis on mechanics and engineering or economics, understanding of people no longer exists, or at best only in very rare cases. In fact we do not want to know each other as men. One could make that statement very sweeping indeed. It is an understatement to say it is doubtful one could find many men of scholarly equipment and close personal experience in both languages in the top executive offices of our Federal government; not in the specialists' group of the State Department, Office of War Information or strategic services; not in editorial offices, research organizations, or among the top university executives who are training green young officers for eventual occupation of Japan. That is just what got us into this monstrous war. It is what we shall have to deal with presently in the reconstruction of civilization in Asia. That is what intelligent men like Fleisher are groping toward now, in their efforts to analyze what struck us. On the jacket of his book Sumner Welles declares that the author has "an extraordinary understanding of Japan." Far be it from me to belittle Welles or Fleisher, or the latter's excellent book; but the only extraordinary thing about it is that the simple facts should seem extraordinary in which one has grown up and which one has accepted as obvious to any literate person for a long lifetime. Fleisher's book is good. I wonder if he would mind the warning in the first line of this review? We are all speaking from an exclusively American point of view. We are all speaking as the conquering "white race." Fleisher recognizes the need to uphold the Japanese concept of the Emperor, since it is a theological concept to them and the only religion the bulk of the Japanese people possesses. He speaks of deposing Hirohito and of perhaps confiding him to some Japanese equivalent of a Trappist monastery. That would be perfectly intelligible to any Oriental, as it would have been to any medieval Occidental Christian; but . . . to impose it unilaterally by "the white race" opens wide the door to all Far Eastern resentment. This one illustration places my emphasis squarely on this distinction (for the purposes of reconstruction of civilization in the Orient) between "what to do *with* Japan" and "what to do *to* Japan."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Civil Life in Wartime Germany. Max Seydewitz. Viking. $3.50.

THE AUTHOR is clearly an anti-nazi. This is attested by the book itself and by the fact that Seydewitz, a former member of the German Reichstag who voted against rearming Germany and was opposed to Hitler's rise to power, was forced to flee Germany and take up residence in Sweden.

From that vantage point he had access, perhaps, to more facts concerning life in wartime Germany than were available elsewhere. Yet there is little new in the book—little, that is, which any close follower of the news could not have known. Neverthless the author has performed an important task in collating and documenting the facts.

It is admittedly going to be difficult enough to deal intelligently with Germany when the inevitable collapse comes. So we must be thankful for anything which helps to fill in gaps in our knowledge of what has happened over the last ten years. But the author's slants are his conclusions to show that the majority of the German people were not to blame. That is the bias of the book. It seeks to absolve the German people for the atrocities their nation has perpetrated on the world.

Because he is also anti-nazi, Seydewitz emphasizes throughout the ineptness of the leaders, the lacunae in their organization and the mistakes they have made. But he can't have it both ways. Either the nazi organization is nearly one-hundred per cent perfect or the vast majority of the people are for the war and all that it means.

Certainly by now, if, as the author claims, there exists a strong though necessarily disconnected underground organization in Germany, it would have shown its hand. In the chaos that is Germany today the underground, if it existed, would manage to take over somewhere. This is particularly true since, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, a large part of the male civilian population has been armed and thrown into the fight. They have caused us enough trouble. They could have done the same to the Gestapo. So the author's conclusion that intervention by the victors in the internal affairs of Germany will make a resolution of her problems more difficult is palpably dangerous.

In the first place, the United Nations are morally bound to intervene and to keep intervening, until there is no longer a shadow of doubt that Germany is freed of her urge for conquest. But there is another reason. What we see today is the total disintegration of the German State. There is no one left to surrender and there is no "forward looking majority" to build the country anew. There are only pieces which some one else will have to sort out and put together before Germany should or can be allowed to work out her destiny. WILLIAM AGAR.

Inner Laws of Society. Don Luigi Sturzo. Kenedy. $3.50.

"SO NEAR and yet so far." I have often wondered what the secularist admirers of Don Sturzo make of his profound writings on religion and on the theory of society. It isn't too significant that some of them still refer to him occasionally, and in perfectly good faith, as "Mr." Sturzo. But between the greatest of the Christian Democrats, who is Don Luigi Sturzo, and the *New Republic* or the Social Democrats, for example, there is a gulf which is sometimes alarming in its implications. Not the least of the providential virtues of Don Sturzo, of course, is his ability (akin, in its own way, to Maritain's)

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gradually and delicately to narrow this unfortunate gap when others, even with the best of intentions, would only make it wider and more unbridgeable by their awkwardness. Don Sturzo's most recent book, "Inner Laws of Society" (i.e. most recently translated) illustrates this gap more pointedly than any of his other works, with the exception of "The Sociology of the Supernatural."

"Inner Laws of Society," which is subtitled "A New Sociology," could more accurately be described, I suggest, as an essay in the theory of society. Its central thesis, in the author's own words, is as follows: " . . . the basis of society is simply the human individual taken in his concreteness and complexity, as original and irresolvable principle. Society is not an entity or an organism outside and above the individual, nor is the individual a reality outside and above society. Man is at once individual and social. His individual potentiality and his social potentiality have a single root in his sensitive-rational nature. He is so individual as not to partake of any life but his own, as to be an incommunicable personality. He is so social that he could not exist or develop any faculties or even live his life outside the social forms."

This general principle is then illustrated in a thoroughgoing study of each of the three fundamental "social forms": the family, political life and religion. These are the forms which answer to the three principal needs of human nature. Don Sturzo is at his best in suggesting the complexity of these social forms and in illustrating, out of his own incredibly vast learning, their delicate and constant interaction on one another. They are never static and definitive but constantly in the process of reform and correction. There is in society a "striving to cast off the irrational for the rational. . . . In human process we do not find a constant progress, which as such must be deterministic, but only particular and relative progress, shot with regressions and involutions."

In the second part of the book there is a rewarding treatment of the ever-recurring problem of the apparent contradiction between authority and liberty, morality and law, duality and diarchy. And, finally, as you might expect from the pen of Sturzo, we are given a profound analysis of the totalitarian state with its futile and disastrous attempt at definitive social unification in the state.

If your previous reading of Don Sturzo has been confined to his historical and political writings, you will find yourself wondering whether "Inner Laws of Society" was really written by the same man. In other words, you are hereby warned that it isn't easy reading. And, to add to your confusion, you will not always know whom to blame —the author, his courageous translator, or yourself. Personally, I am willing to blame my own lack of background for the difficulty I experienced in literally struggling through some of the more obscure sections of another important book by one of the truly great men of our generation.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

CONTRIBUTORS

Yves R. SIMON teaches philosophy at Notre Dame.
Norman THOMAS is the leader of the Socialist Party.
Raïssa MARITAIN is the poetess-wife of Jacques Maritain.
Mary FOXWORTHY has contributed to such papers as *Promenade* and the *Virginia Quarterly*.
Anne FREMANTLE lives in Washington, D. C.
William Franklin SANDS has had long experience in the Orient where he served as an American diplomat.
William AGAR is an officer of Freedom House.
Rev. George G. HIGGINS is associated with NCWC.

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